FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

AFTER SURRENDERING YOURSELF: ACCEPTING GOD'S REALITY

IT'S AS POSSIBLE for a schizophrenic to give up the wasp's-nest of fear and delusion which he has clapped over his head as it is for an alcoholic to put down the bottle for good. The neurotic can set aside his anxieties and false convictions as if they were news-magazines of a bias to which he does not care to subscribe. . . . Such events are getting to be everyday matters in the modern world. We are beginning to comprehend them to a degree from which we ourselves, having worked such apparently irrational changes within ourselves, are starting to urge others to achieve like surrenders and the peace that comes when suffering ends. The so-called "miracles" of the Bible keep on happening. And the indication is that they will become both more frequent and more widespread as the ancient concept of self-surrender comes to be understood and applied to themselves by men and women living today.

I have said it before, but I cannot say it too often: the most valuable feeling to the working of such a profound change evidently is willingness—is desire pitched to the extreme of a longing that must have its effect on the least cell in our anatomies, let alone our spirits. The willingness does not seem to have to be positive—*for* or *towards* something infinitely better than what we suffer. Willingness to *get rid of*—or *give up*—what is making us miserable is desire potent enough in many instances.

Perhaps I have not said it before, but I should have: the requisite of willingness is a person's honesty with his or her self. It is necessary really and truly to *know* what has to be given up. This is exceedingly difficult for most people, those anyway like myself who find it hard to see anything other than what they wish to see, who know only what they think, who think only what they hope, etc., etc., ...

There is nothing sadder to watch—or, I might add, more tedious—than a person who is suffering, who is undeniably, consciously, even vocally downright miserable, who refuses to see what his

or her suffering consists of, and who therefore is doomed to repeat these miseries from here on until the end. This is where the tedium enters in, for there is nothing more tiresome (even though we love them) than people who clutch their crises, disasters, and glooms to their bosoms and will obviously spend the rest of their lives that way—like flies inside purely imaginary traps. If that is what they want out of the one life they will ever live, we can, finally, only turn aside and let them live it in that excruciating way. Having crawled through a lot of my own days in this fashion, I am able to sympathize with their misery—and I am able, too, to perceive the egotism of their suffering. For that is actually what this suffering is: an arbitrary, almost unbelievable substitution of what we think / hope / desire in the place of the reality with which God makes us a present every hour of the day and night. This egotism, incidentally, must be the source of the tedium we feel while watching helplessly over our fellow-suffers: the human imagination is so limited and repetitious as compared to the kaleidoscopic razzle-dazzle contained in the cornucopia of reality....

I suppose, once again judging by my own experience, we concoct these boring little pipedreams of ours out of fear, lack of courage, lack of any trust whatever in God. . . .

Pipedreams, as you yourself may know, have a way of tripping us up, however. Substitutes do not satisfy. Finally the tedium of existing inside the imaginary glass bells of our neuroses gets to be one of the chief features of our ersatz existences. All these false-alarms and drummed-up crises, all these depressions in which we loll like sultans growing fat, all these desperations that we sing over and over like the same cats on the same roof every night—all of them pall. I have a theory (not proved) that we always know exactly what's what, that for one perverse reason or another we choose suffering even while we glimpse the joy of the world, that we deliberately deny our knowledge of God's immense reality because we prefer the picayune but entirely controllable little universes that we have created in opposition. If this is so, it certainly gives us a taste of the meaninglessness of the dream as compared to all the rich full flavors of reality.

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MEDITATIONS

Samuel M. Silver

I (Based on Psalm I)

MAY I read to you from the Book of Psalms? The book of Psalms is a collection of statements in which the writers pour out their souls to God. It is good for us to turn upwards in our search for tranquility. We should not seek to escape the challenges of life; our reach heavenwards should equip us with the means to cope with all that life brings us. It should strengthen us the better to discharge our duties as parents, as citizens, as partners in marriage, etc.

And listen to what the first Psalm says to us: "Happy is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the wicked." Yes, we should feel fortunate if we have avoided becoming embroiled and involved in the machinations of evil men, lawbreakers, disrupters of the peace, disrupters of society....The Psalm continues by saying that man should be happy who has not stood in the company of sinners. The worst part about deviating from propriety is the terrible gnawing-away of our insides by the conscience, that continuous harassment of a feeling of guilt which comes to us when we sink into wrongdoing....How wonderful, then, is the remainder of this psalm, and how elevating it is to contemplate the truth of its message to us. *(The entire psalm is read.)*

II (Based on Psalm II)

HOW long has it been since you turned to Scriptures and washed your soul in the beautiful words of the Book of Psalms? The Bible has been described as man's love letters to God and nowhere does spiritual fervor reach greater heights than in the beloved Psalms. For example, Psalm II is as relevant today as when it was written. It begins: "Why do the nations rage? And the peoples plot in vain? The kings of the earth stand up and the princes also take counsel against the Lord...."

How sad it is when the leaders of people commit acts which are in violation of divine laws. How tragic it is when those entrusted with custody betray society by hurting those they should help, by thinking of themselves instead of their tasks.

Alas, we know that the teachings of respect for others and the lessons of justice which we have obtained from our Heavenly Father are not merely luxuries which we should heed because it will make us finer people. Today, in a nuclear age, we are faced by the grim fact that if we don't worry about the welfare of others, whether they live in South Stamford or South Africa, South Korea or South America, the result may be the annihilation of mankind. Properly may we repeat the words of the Psalmist, "Why do the nations rage?"

And we might ask ourselves a question, too. Are we fit to live in an age when the world has become a neighborhood and all the people in it like a family under one roof? May the second psalm animate all of us to act in a way which will advertise to all who see us that we look upon all men as brothers, as relatives and kinsmen in the family of Almighty God.

III (Based on Psalm III)

IT is amazing how much wisdom and how much solace, how much enlightenment and how much stimulation we can derive from a close look at the words of the Bible. Psalm III begins with an exclamation of despair: "How many are my foes, O Lord....many are rising up against me." Often we feel we are the target for the hostility of many people. Have you ever felt you were singled out by fate for special suffering? That destiny has given you a raw deal, that luck has brushed you aside? Do you sometimes want to cry out, "Many are rising up against me?" If so, take it from the psychologists that many people feel that way without justification. Most of us are subject to the belief that the world is against us. Everyone has his problems. You don't have a choice of no worries or lots of them. The only thing that distinguishes you from others is that your

problems are different from theirs, but everyone has a pack of them. The difference between the normal person and the demented one is that the normal one realizes it is a part of life to be confronted by some woes, and he then proceeds to tackle them one by one without being overwhelmed. Another solution is offered in this very psalm, where we read that the one who complained earlier has found one avenue of relief. We read: "I lie down and sleep. . . I awake, for the Lord sustains me."

Yes, recognition of the fact that we are in the care of a Father helps. Don't cast your burden upon Him. But seek in the recesses of your heart for that divine voice, that still small voice which can give you perspective and wisdom to buttress you in facing life. Remember, in the words of the psalm, Salvation belongs to the Lord.

IV (Based on Psalm IV)

LYING somewhere in your house is a Bible. Do you know where it is? Is it covered with dust? Do you examine it only when sorrow has struck? I hope you can locate it. When you do, you will also locate yourself. For on many pages of the Bible you will find yourself. For example, if you were to turn to Psalm IV you would read these opening words: "When I call, answer me, O God of my righteousness. Thou who didst give me room when I was in distress...."

Reading the words "When I call, answer me, O God" should stimulate the question "When was the last time you called upon God?" In other words, when was the last time you acknowledged that you were not self-made, that you are the handiwork of a power greater than yourself? Theodore Roosevelt used to go out and look at the sky each night before retiring and after contemplating the inmensity of the heavens he would say to his family, "Well, we've got an idea of our smallness. Now we can retire." Do you really think that everything you have you are responsible for? Did you create the air you breathe, the natural glories which envelop you, the people you control? Do you think you have reached the limits of your creativity? The Psalmist knew there was room, more room

for improvement, so he called upon God. He turned to his invisible Father and made confession of his littleness. He practiced humility and thus immunized himself against the disease of arrogance. In Psalm IV the writer begins, as we have said, with the plea, "When I call, answer me, O God of my righteousness," and after thinking about the assistance he could secure, he concludes the Psalm: "In peace will I both lie down and sleep, for thou alone, O Lord, makest me dwell in safety." May peace and safety be yours.

THANKSGIVING PRAISE

Helen Gee Woods

I thank Thee, Lord, for Peace this holy day
For aspirations true, and dreams fulfilled,
For home and plenty given me I pray
In silence as the inner joy is willed.

I thank Thee for the friends of proven worth,
The ones whose friendship money cannot buy,
Their steadfast heart that warms my hearth,
Hold the sweet Peace to glorify.

THE FOUR REQUIREMENTS OF PRAYER are expectancy, assurance, confidence, and patient waiting; as in the following verse: "Expect the Lord; do manfully, and let thy heart take courage; and wait thou for the Lord." (Psalm 26:14—Douay Version)

(Contributed by Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain)

THREE POEMS *by Conrad Pendleton*

1/ Sky Sheep

Meekly the starry sheep of evening glow
(cropping the golden edge of purple air)
around their faithful Shepherd—unaware
that He, who dreamed and shaped them, has the might
to toss them, chaff-like, down the night.
But soft He folds them in, His patience slow
as ages, knowing all we do not know.

2/ Thirst And Hunger

Hunger is a holy leanness
Beggars often feed upon,
Thirst a bright and austere drought
Some drink out of the sun.

Should we try to gnaw a substance
From a time-corrupted bone
And to suck a crystal coolness
From a dried-up river's stone,

Maybe we could daily relish,
When we eat and coolly sup,
Taste of common table-food
And water from a cup.

3/ True Supper (For a vegetarian)

What was his meat of youth
and middle age is not his need
though bones now tease the tooth
of age by which he feeds.

What was his wine of youth
and middle age is now a thirst
in glasses drained to truth's
dry lees that sober mirth.

For turned from plate and vine
at last, he learns of utter good:
thirst is the spirit's wine
and hunger wisdom's food.

IN SILENCE *by Alice Mackenzie Swaim*

In silence the seed grows;
In silence the moon
Blossoms to fullness,
Moth-white in June.

In silence, the heart sings
And dances through day;
In silence, the spirit
Kneels humbly to pray.

I know that when the stress has grown
too strong, THOU WILT BE THERE:
I know that when the waiting seems
so long, THOU HEAREST PRAYER:
I know that through the crash of fall-
ing worlds, THOU HOLDEST ME:
I know that life and death are Thine
ETERNALLY.

(Contributed by Mrs Samuel Chamberlain)

THE ABUNDANT LIFE

Nina Walters

THE abundant life is a life that is filled to overflowing—not with material things, not with pleasure, not even with knowledge, but with spiritual satisfactions resting securely upon the perception of an ideal, the realization of values, and a consciousness of truth to the best in oneself. In the attainment of such satisfactions, the springs of action are the personal, the social, and the intellectual ideals of the individual.

The abundant life, therefore, may be said to be successful living founded upon ideals and values and embellished by all those graces that accrue to one who has chosen wisely to develop his own resources. The ability to choose for himself, not allowing his course to be determined by accident or the interference of others; the courage to take the risk that a full life offers and to rise above his failures like the phoenix from its ashes; the patience to wait for results—these are the earmarks of a person who has learned to live efficiently and sufficiently. Realizing that he is but one link in the immense chain of humanity, recognizing the value of human fellowship, he opens his mind and heart to sympathy, to generosity, to tolerance; he assumes his share of the social and political burden; and he brings his intelligence to bear upon the problems of the community of which he is a part. He keeps his intellectual integrity; he lives and loves and learns; and he grows in grace and spiritual understanding so that he justifies his existence on earth and his bid for eternal salvation.

The personal ideal is the foundation on which the house of hope must be built. It is the granite composed of courage, determination, loyalty, self-sacrifice, and decency--the virtues which man, in his search for truth, has found essential to expansion of the soul and impervious to weathering. Above this groundwork tower walls of steel fashioned to withstand the destructive forces of prejudice, distrust, cyncism, and class hatred. Building upon the personal and encompassing the intellectual, these walls are the social ideals of love, of brotherhood, of service.

Protected and encouraged by the personal and the social, the intellectual conception—the revelation of the design in the palace of the ideal, the revelation of the spiritual significance of the structure—evolves and becomes the motive power of human existence.

Having established the inner perception of an ideal as the mainspring to abundant life, one must next determine how that ideal may best express itself in terms of value for actual living. For unless it leads to a realization of specific values, and to a choice of the best and most enduring benefits which life has to offer, it contributes very little to spiritual satisfaction.

The success of a life depends upon its inner soundness, as the excellence of an apple depends upon the soundness of its core. The first resource for abundant living is, therefore, physical, mental, and moral well-being—that is, health of body, mind, and spirit. Through enlightened selection of values, through temperance in all things, through intelligent approach to human relationships, and through faith in divine purpose and in the goodness of God, one may achieve that inner soundness which is prerequisite to personal, social, and spiritual growth.

A second resource for the abundant life is useful, purposeful endeavor in a field of work that not only develops the creative power of the individual but also benefits humanity. Without such work to act as a spur, an individual loses his resourcefulness, neutralizes his ambition, and ultimately becomes dissatisfied and bored with everything. Life, to him, becomes thin and blue.

Hard work toward a definite goal, indispensable in the rounding out of a satisfactory existence, must not, however, usurp the province of its complement, play, lest effort become drudgery and, in monotony, defeat its own purpose. The world was made to be enjoyed as well as to be conquered. It was made to be loved as well as improved. It was made to be appreciated as well as understood.

A third resource for the abundant life is study. New inventions, new discoveries, new philosophies are constantly expanding the boundaries of knowledge. The universe is an active, moving thing, and the human mind bent upon the highest development

must move with it. The self-satisfied spirit, having ceased to grow, begins to decay; for nothing stands still. Growth is essential to abundance in life, and study is necessary to growth.

By these standards all the material things of the world may be judged and accepted or rejected as they help or hinder growth toward the ideal. Health, work, play, and study help o develop one's personality and character, as well as to promote progress toward the fulfillment of one's aspirations. They help to develop one's awareness of the necessity of being true to the best in oneself, so that one may finally achieve the spiritual satisfaction that is the ultimate outcome of an abundant life.

✠ ✠

Very little is needed to make a happy life. It is all within yourself, in your way of thinking.

—Marcus Aurelius

BELOVED OF THE HEART

Richard Ward

Beloved of the heart,
I yearn for Thee
in my parched plea
for Thy love's wine.

Beloved of the heart,
I ache with need
for Thy love's creed —
a love divine.

Beloved of the heart,
forsake me not —
my love You've got,
and Yours is mine.

INNER PEACE

Mary Margaret Comis

My heart beats in quiet rhythm with Thee, God;
In meditative thought I speak to Thee—
With inner ears I hear Thy kindly voice,
And though my eyes are closed, I still can see.

Thus do I feel a tranquil happiness,
Amid the chaos of a troubled land,
Attuned with Thee, I walk the paths of peace....
For I am guided by Thy gentle hand.

COULD LOVE BE THE ANSWER?

Carla Patsuris

In these hurting days and nights of now
With lives forever hatching legacies,
Not even a thimbleful
Or as much as might pass through a needle's eye
Of commissions and omissions can be changed;
Time cannot bring back what was
From the closed tomb of the past
Where nothing new can ever enter
And no thing will ever leave
Its tight stopped-silence.

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

Bess Foster Smith

WHEN our big sister used to tell us stories, they always ended with "and then they lived happily ever after."

These sweet words impressed us most of all and lingered in our minds. In fact, they were the best part of the story. It was the end we had been waiting for. We would sigh, relieved of the tension of misadventures and misunderstandings. They would fade out of our minds because now they were "living happily ever after."

So it seems sometimes with friendships we knew long ago and have lost--old schoolmates, college friends, folks in faraway places whom we have not seen or heard from in years. In our minds they are "living happily ever after."

How dreadful it would be if we had to follow each oneof them through their trials and failures and successes, since it is all we can do to keep up with our own family and friends and neighbors and the few others whom time cannot erase.

But sometimes, haven't you had some fleeting memory out of the blue? Like when you pick up an old book that you had learned to love in your childhood or during some romantic period in your life and, on reading it again, find it seems to have a new meaning? Your early impressions have merged with your present ones and made them doubly sweet.

So it is when someone out of the past comes back into your life. Perhaps they are just passing through town and stop to look you up. Or there is a class reunion. Or you meet by chance. At such times the yesterdays come back to mind like scenes and characters out of a book.

Ah, yes, old friends, old books, associations that we loved long ago are never forgotten. Now we can add a new chapter to our memories, or an ending, and store them away again in the land of "happily ever after" somewhere between limbo and paradise. . . .

A KIND OF GLORY

Velma Miller

WE WERE living in a three-room house on a hill with "outside path and pump system." I think I was a little sorry for myself. The rain shower had almost passed so I dashed out to get a pail of fresh water from the pump.

While I was pumping away, the strangest thing happened. The sun peeped through the clouds, and the whole world seemed to turn a beautiful lavender pink.

We had many inspiring views of sunsets or sunrises over the mountains, but nothing to compare with this. I was suddenly immersed in liquid colors—my hands and dress changed colors before my very eyes. I was almost breathless with the wonder of it. I turned this way and that. It was all around me.

I don't know how long I stood there in this almost breath-taking beauty, but suddenly to the east there was a bright rainbow arched across the sky.

Then it came to me. The rainbow had been forming all around me. I had been in it. I had been at the foot of the rainbow before it passed on. I breathed: "Oh, thank you, God, for this moment."

It is true. There is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow —liquid gold. I have seen it and felt it and let it flow through my fingers, and it has made my life richer.

Rufus Jones, the great Quaker leader, said, "It is at such times a kind of glory lights up in the mind," and then he added, "Usually we see so hazily through the cloud of sleep and custom."

POUR out light and truth as God pours sunshine and rain;
no longer seek knowledge as the luxury of a few,
but dispense it amongst all as the bread of life.

—Horace Mann

THOU SHALT NOT COVET. . . .

Florence Beck Unangst

THE MAN who casually dismisses this commandment with, "But who would covet his neighbor's ox, or ass, or wife?" is often the same one who covets his neighbor's position in a firm, his Cadillac, his TV, apartment, or health.

Covetousness remains the same emotion down through the ages. Perhaps envy as a synonym would hit home in more telling fashion. Do not envy what you think another man has. He may have secret worries he is not sharing with the world and he may be in debt while you are solvent.

SEASHORE TREASURES

Ann D. Franklin

WHAT do they signify, these small smooth stones that I stop to gather along the seashore? Rough and misshapen until polished by the constant surf, they now appear in their various jeweled forms of white or speckled hue.

Whatever their significance, they add to my enjoyment at the water's edge. Here near the pounding surf, I find complete serenity with seagull overhead, soft sand underfoot, and the scent of salt air overpowering me.

As sky, water, and land encompass me, my thoughts turn to the Creator of all this magnificence. How small the human compared to this vastness.

Perhaps these stones do have their special significance. In my search for them, I have meditated on the spiritual, enriching my inner being.

When in need of tranquility during the busy months ahead, I will gaze upon these treasured stones and reflect upon this inner peace experienced by the water's edge.

TWO POEMS *by Michael G. Dunn*

1/ October

October is a pretty gypsy
Dancing barefoot past the trees
Bewitching them with gypsy magic
For gypsy spells make gypsy leaves

She stops— and reads young Autumn's fortune
Predicting death will come too soon
Then, tambourine in hand, she leaves us
Singing a flamenco tune

2/ October Roses

October roses are by far
More beautiful than June's could be
How firm and tall and fair they are
They rival any autumn tree

Such courage in the face of death
Or, possibly, they do not know
November's winds will buffet them
December's blasts will take their glow

In life, as in a garden, too
We face the cold of winter snows
May we have courage and the peace
We find in an October rose.

May your faith in God shine upon you and make your crowded life truly Divine.

—K. M. P. M. Cassim

GUARANTEED

Catherine Cabeen Houck

WE often wonder if there is anyone who has not at some time or other received through the mail an opportunity to purchase a remarkable piece of merchandise at a greatly reduced price. Its quality is portrayed in glowing terms, we are made to feel that life is dull if not meaningless without it, and furthermore we are guaranteed our money back if we are not completely satisfied with it. The advertisement may be true, the company a reliable one, and the article worthy. But we, too, have a responsibility.

We must consider the time consumed in accepting the offer, waiting for its arrival, examining it, and reversing the procedure if we do not approve of it. If we accept the purchase, have we taken the time to read all the information? How long does the guarantee last? If it proves defective, shall we return only the faulty part or the entire article?

Many times we forget our share of any promise. We accept offers from many sources and place blame for failure on the other party. We apply the same principles when we accept Christ's promises. There is always a clause involving us that we may overlook. The most familiar "guarantee" with a two-way agreement is the one regarding "asking, seeking, and knocking." Aren't we more likely to accept the "giving, finding, and entering"?

The last guarantee Christ offered his followers was made on the road to Emmaus: "Go, then, to all peoples and make them my disciples. . . and teach them to obey everything I have commanded you. And remember, I will be with you always even to the end of the world."

Then, as they walked out of the city, He added this saying as a final guarantee: "And I myself will send you what my Father has promised. But you must wait until the power from above comes down upon you."

HYMN TO THE LIFE RESIDENT

Rafael de las Casas

What shall these people do
those for whom
the night is long
and
day so brief palliative. . .
They who've
prism'd
apart
rock
from
the
earth's
claw
and
lingered like a piney woods
inside
life's
frail abode. . .

What shall these people do
for whom life
is residence. .
who've
wondered
steadily. .
like a child's eye
before
a child's eye. . .
and
who've
traveled
beside war's
picket
monotones. . .
who've
cymballed
in the noon's
inaudible
sun. .
and to whom
the sun has listened. . .

They
who've
buried, as they'd
kissed. .
with
precise dignity. . .
Now
where
shall become
their
quaking flesh. .
shall
it
sunder away
in
these new storms. . .
or
sheltered by
the old prayers, be
left attached
as clinged leaves. . .

Yea. .
even the tides
would abolish
their

diaspora. . .
if the
seas
were
strove
with
sorrow
and. .
so they shall
in their midnight do
as
all have. .
who've
been granted. .
done. .
These people shall
reside.

AUTUMN

Joy Bergman

Nothing that shall ever be
Is more marvelous than this Lion
this Flaming red haired Lion
with great and wild knowing eyes.

This lion is Flaming and the streets are purple crimson
and there is a piece of leaf on a single tree
and this leaf is a scarlet leaf.

This is autumn, this is the cry of autumn
and Nothing makes a greater sound.
Than the crackling of a Lions paw
upon a scarlet leaf.

GRANDMA'S PATCHWORK QUILT

Arthur W. Muller

VOLUMES have proclaimed the genius of da Vinci and Michelangelo. Their masterworks have kindled an everlasting spark. They have taught us beauty and elegance, joy and sorrow, history and life.

But not even one small book is essential to comprise the teachings of my grandmother during my childhood. They were not earth-shaking admonitions nor college-trained precepts, but plain simple words of daily guidance. And it all began with Grandma's great art—her patchwork quilt.

Many an evening before retiring I would sit beside her as she entwined her golden threads between the colorful patches of cloth. Each color, as described by Grandma, signified a paramount function in life.

Red was a symbol of strength and courage to meet a challenge each day and fortify ourselves against temptations. The white patches presented thoughts of joy and purity, with special emphasis on the latter quality for the benefit of our souls.

Continuing her spiritual lessons, she inserted a yellow or gold swatch while enumerating its meanings. It stressed the importance of obedience to our superiors and love of our fellow men.

Blue, the third of the primary colors, manifested the value of loyalty and truth—loyalty to God, to parents, and to country, and truth at all times regardless of the consequences. Hope was the keynote of the color green, without which, she affirmed, everything is lost.

Never tiring of these instructive teachings, I listened in deep rapture for the next interpretation of the orange patch she held in her hand. It indicated wisdom, the all-powerful attribute so indispensable in our everyday life.

Brown reminded us of our sorrows and trials. God gave them to us, she said, for His own special reasons, and the bearing of these burdens allowed us to appreciate the many blessings bestowed upon us. Another somber hue was purple, which completed

the cycle of the composition. This color expressed the necessity of penance for our sins and the desire to change our ways.

Throughout the years I have kept in mind Grandma's teachings. Her patchwork quilt is displayed on the wall above my bookcase, and many a night as I sit and gaze at her handiwork, I marvel at the dear departed old soul's advice. All the volumes of knowledge on the shelves below are condensed in the few homespun thoughts she left in my memory.

WHAT MEANS SIN

Lillian Hammer

What means "sin" and how could you
define it?
The Bible says: Who that is without sin
Shall cast the first stone.
Who is:
Are you: without sin?
You—
You—
And you?
What is "sin" and what is "virtue"?
Who is to determine, from right
and wrong,
If all are sinners?

Let us live always in unbroken unity with the Divine Reality.

— K. M. P. M. Cassim

CLOUDS *Carol Bennett*

The clouds are snow on an angel's lawn
They're soft as prayer in a baby's dream,
Soft as hush when the sound is gone,
Soft as song in a forest stream.

I can see what God has made,
I catch a glimpse before you fade,
And I have seen you in the blushing dawn
As now upon an angel's lawn,
A sea of pearls, poet's delight,
The snow for an angel clothed in white.

PRAYER *Alma J. Shadions*

When I sleep the last long sleep,
When my soul is in God's keep,
Lay me 'neath a woodland tree
With softly fanning canopy.

Let it be a wise old tree,
That sometime it may weep o'er me
Gently—

For every sin, though cloaked, I wore;
For sorrow that I, crosslike, bore
Patiently.

Lay me near a choral stream,
That hallelujahs fill my dream
Nightly.

And when the sun comes on a breeze
To burnish all the crowned trees
One shaft of light may bend a knee
To shimmer blessing over me.

TOWARD A NEW COSMIC PATRIOTISM FOR AMERICA

Roland Gammon

AMERICA'S Watergate episode, with its ugly exposure of faithless leaders and abuses of freedom, can yet be redeemed if the majority of us renew the deeper realities of faith and freedom in ourselves.

Faith and freedom are inseparably connected, and individual freedom should prefigure infinite freedom. Personal liberty should lead to personal liberation. An expanding social consciousness in millions of men and women today must encourage not only earnest social action, but also an ever-higher experience of that inmost self whose essence is freedom. Therefore all aspiring New Age religions—whether Zen Buddhism, Hindu Vedanta, Cosmic Christianity, Mind Science, Unity, Society of Friends, Baha'i, Subud, Perfect Liberty, Integral Yoga, or Unitarian Universalism—must be religions of freedom; ideally, they must produce persons of liberated consciousness and Christed character in their private virtue and public ways. No other individual faith or collective goal is sublime enough for the Space Age now dawning.

One of America's oldest free faiths, Unitarian Universalism, for example, must now regain the spiritual fire and moral idealism which enabled its tiny membership to produce five Presidents and to help pioneer national legislation in the abolition of slavery, prison reform, and universal education. In addition, Unitarian Universalism, looking ahead with other living faiths to a new world community and looking back to recapture the transcendental glow of its Emersonian expansion a century ago, must heed the beacon rays now reaching us from the forward frontiers of science. Similarly today, any old or new dispensation worthy of the name, must be based on science's ever-clearer picture of a universe of purposeful mind, ineffable music, and conscious energy. Indeed modern science, especially nuclear physics, parapsychology, and holistic biology, has revealed an integral order of nature in which limitless mind or spirit is the only "substance";

the so-called space-time world of physical phenomena is seen to arise from a non-material, multi-dimensional ground where mind is paramount. In short, the supersensible or, if you will, the metaphysical world has been reinstated by science and that means to our theological advantage that the traditional Christian dichotomy of mind and matter, body and soul, man and God, has been subsumed into one luminous Whole of which each one of us is a living part. As Werner Heisenberg, Germany's greatest philosopher-physicist, has stated it: "When examining nature and the universe, instead of looking for and discovering objective things or qualities, man encounters himself."

IN THE postwar period a new concordance of agreement about ultimate reality, or the nature of things, has arisen among physicists, parapsychologists, and contemporary mystics. Although all three investigators have different starting-points and usually different philosophies of life, they arrive at the same general conclusion: sense data, intellectual analysis and rational process (the so-called common-sense way of observing the world) no longer suffice in providing a true picture of reality; rather, there is a much truer way of gaining knowledge than through the senses (call it the mystical-scientific way), and this picture of how-the-universe-works is a mental metaphysical one. In this dramatically-simple, gradually-agreed-upon construct of both visible and invisible reality, the physicist, the parapsychologist, and the mystic not only agree with each other but also with the ancient seers and serious sensitives of the race: an infinite Oneness unifies all things and, as living parts of nature, all human beings participate in this cosmic harmony.

Paradoxical as it may seem, even a casual selection of commentaries by twentieth-century giants in these three seemingly-unrelated disciplines proves that a new unified world-view or non-physical construct of *what is* now emerges. In the following quotations, various modern poets, physicists, and parapsychologists from various parts of the world demonstrate the timeless unity of existence:

Sir Arthur Eddington: "The final stuff of the world is mind-stuff."

Robert Browning: "I but open my eyes— and perfection full-fronts me, / And God is seen God—in the star, in the stone, / in the flesh, in the soul and the clod."

Wolfgang Pauli: "The concept of Complementarity (suggests) . . . . it would be the more satisfactory solution, if mind and body could be interpreted as complementary aspects of the same reality. . . ."

Elmer Green: "Science is beginning to confirm many of our religious and mystical traditions. In the past, science has been criticized as the antithesis of religion, but today a body of evidence is growing that indicates higher levels of conscious awareness are not only a reality but also a legitimate business of science. The former private reserve of the mystics and occultists is now in the public domain."

Sir James Jeans: "The Great Architect of the universe now begins to appear as a pure mathematician."

Lawrence LeShan: "Today we are reminded of the Eastern concept that as one explores deeper and deeper into oneself, one comes finally to the true essence of the self—Atman. And that as one searches more and more deeply into outside reality, tearing apart veil after veil of illusion, one finally discovers the true nature of reality—Brahman. And that Atman and Brahman are the same."

Gerald Manley Hopkins: "The world is charged with the grandeur of God."

Rabindrath Tagore: "It is I who bloom in the flowers, spread in the grass, flow in the water, scientillate in the stars, live in the lives of men of all ages."

James Lane: "The rhythms of our solar system—even to the exactitude of number—are repeated in miniature in the processes of the body."

J. Schoneberg Seltzer: "The mystic today testifies that the entire universe is a conscious mental reality of which the mind

of the mystic is one part. The physicist is saying essentially the same thing, Heisenberg reasons, when he declares that 'the only structure we can perceive in the cosmos is a reflection of our own mental or nervous-system structure.' Our comprehension of reality, therefore, is ultimately dictated by the nature of our being."

This is the immense good news of the emerging planetary age. This good news, in turn, becomes the basis of our new dispensation, grounded in all-pervading reality authenticated by science, enkindling a joyful spirit and heroic mood long missing in many Americans today and magnifying the global good works which a humane social gospel inspires. Therefore alert yea-sayers everywhere can now rediscover their divine identity and universal mission in interpreting this good news to all mankind. The infallible test for any viable, twentieth-century religion is whether its view of reality deepens, rather than diminishes, one's participation in the tremendous issues of life in the world.

YEARS AGO, as a boy in Maine, I stood in the May moonlight beside a glistering lake. Suddenly, in the forest quiet as I watched the moon-silvered waves and heard the winds stir the tall pines, the solitary scene dissolved in an ocean of light. Behind, beneath, and above, glowed a light which enveloped me in its beauty. A heart-piercing joy lifted me up; a tremendous felicity thrilled my being even as it confirmed my youthful yearning for what the saints call "union with God."

In that silent opening I knew the universe was a living emanation of God himself; that continuous, creative Presence sustained every field, flower, flake, wave, wind, scatter of stars, and miracle of life; that, if and when that Presence should ever be withdrawn, the world would vanish; that, as the prophets and poets had foretold, every human being was the individual embodiment of divine being and that the whole purpose of life was to realize that divinity here and now.

This mystical experience is cited not as an exercise in egotism but rather as a personal pointer toward the absolute that animates and surrounds us. Realizing that rationalists, positivists,

and most materialistic scientists reject subjective experience as irrelevant, I nonetheless want to affirm as real that inner light or cosmic consciousness the higher sciences now suggest is the reality behind appearance. To enjoy this direct perception of what the Hindus call Bliss, or Knowledge, or Absolute Reality, is to experience the self of the Self and "that by which the world is pervaded." To have known such life-expanding experiences not only validates writing about them but also clarifies one's intuitive vision that the knower and the known, the spectator and the spectacle, the inner and outer truth, are one and the same. What in the Ancient of Days was called the World Soul or Divine Logos becomes today the Noosphere of Tielhard de Chardin, the Psychomagnetic Field of Arthur Koestler, or the World Mind of Aldous Huxley. "The development of atomic physics," wrote the distinguished physicist Niels Bohr, "forces us to an attitude recalling ancient wisdom, that when searching for harmony in life one must never forget that in the drama of existence we are ourselves both actors and spectators."

Almost everyone knows that there is a world revolution going on today and that this total transformation of life on earth is composed of many interrelated human upheavals variously labeled the Technological Revolution, the Black Revolt, the Communications Explosion, the Global Youthquake, the Radicalization of Values, "Power to the People" groups, Women's Lib, Pop Art, the ecumenical, ecological, and free education movements, and the rejection of the Establishment with its amoral, war-making culture. Almost no one seems to realize, on the other hand, that the revolution undergirding and unifying these interacting upheavals is the scientific-spiritual revolution. In sum, even as modern science provides a world consensus that reinstates the non-material or spiritual substratum of nature, so each awakening individual can undertake his own pursuit of identity, significance, and ever-higher realization of the personal self. Inevitably, the search for sacredness is on; or, in Jung's words: "We moderns are faced with the necessity of rediscovering the life of the spirit; we must experience it anew for ourselves." And so it is central to America's recovery of both the lost radi-

ance of religion and the revolutionary zeal of leadership that we recognize and understand the New Man, the New Age, and the integral order of Reality that the highest science now establishes. Here, or nowhere, is the metaphysical basis for the relevant religious philosophy, social action and work, word, and worship needed for international brotherhood and world peace.

In America, New Age man can now embark on his greatest adventure—the discovery of the self and the unity of that self with all life. Our needed renewal, if it comes at all, will come from within ourselves, and it will be centered in the prayerful awareness that each one of us is a living universe, that each one of us, however fitfully, is capable of rebirth and that each of us embodies the same love-lighted stuff that fires the atoms and fuels the stars. Emerson put it in an old-new way: "We know that we live not for ourselves alone and that life is not a thing of shreds and patches, but a thing of potentially glorious unity;" the sage of the Upanishads makes it a new as tomorrow: "He who is the Self in the sun and he who is the Self in man are one and the same."

Because both individual growth and cooperative action demand it, we must study these universe-making arts and sciences and make them part of our daily work as well as our Sunday worship. Because in every worthy New Age faith, every individual and every church must be free, there can be no desired uniformity of approach and action in incorporating transcendental (or what Abraham Maslow called "transhuman") truth into either our official pronouncements or personal philosophies. The important thing for all of us is to take up the task, rediscover the life of the spirit and the "new" spiritual universe, and move out in love to offer the lonely and the lost, the ardent youth and the unchurched adult of our time, a fulfilling faith that squares with the science that nurtured them.

WHO is narrow of vision cannot be big-hearted; who is narrow of spirit cannot take long, easy strides.

CHINESE PROVERB

EVEN AT THE CROSS *Emma S. McLaughlin*

I was there, child, from the beginning.
It was my hand
that plucked you out of darkness
and brought you in to the promise
of day.

I was beside you as you grew —
inside you,
flowing in your life stream,
molding the arches and columns
of your tabernacle.
You were not always conscious of this,
but I was there.

When you were taken into bondage,
when your back bent to the lash,
when you were forced to your knees,
I was there.

Do you remember the bird that sang
at midnight,
the cool, sweet cup of water
from the spring
that quenched your thirst?
Do you remember the gentle hands
that smoothed the ointment
on your raw, torn flesh?

I was the strength
that pulled you to your feet,
the courage that bade you rise
above your trials,
the steadfast faith
that bore you up like wings.

I heard you crying softly in the shadows,
as once *I* cried in torment,
believing *myself* forsaken.
But I know now, as ever I had known,
that He was always there —
even at the cross.

PSALM OF HARVEST *Martha Horton*

Lord of the harvest,
I wear my
crown of blessings
in deep humility...
Thy love
has prospered me
with an abundant harvesting.
"Under the shadow
of thy wings,"
I have found
peace and security.
Accept my heartfelt
praise and thanks
for all Thy benefits.
Encompass me
with grace to dwell
continuously
in "Thy courts
of thanksgiving."

HOURS OF HOPE *Virginia Lytle Waller*

Contentment
Rests in assurance,
The soon coming
Of Someone.

THE RHYTHM OF PRAYER

Dennis Barry Carroll

PRAYER begins with God. The life we live influences the way we talk with God, and the way we talk with God influences the life we live. We must never wait to be perfect before we pray.

Prayer is an activity and a relationship that ought to result in new strength and wisdom for daily living. Because God has reached down to man in love, man has reached up to God in faith—this is prayer.

In prayer, as we relax, freeing minds from tension, we turn our thoughts to God. We contemplate who He is and what He means to us, shutting out every other thought.

The person who achieves the power of genuine prayer will know clearly and continuously both the presence of God and the will of God for his life. Every aspect of his life—his occupation, recreation, family, friends, health—will be strengthened and illuminated for him by the power of light and prayer.

Jesus, the son of God, recognized the value of each individual. The spirit of His intense communion with the Father—which marked His prayer life—was reflected in His great concern and responsibility for His fellowmen.

Prayer begins when God takes hold of a person, when that person knows his life is in God's hands.

God speaks—man hears—man listens—man knows God—man trusts God—man speaks—God listens. . . .

This is the rhythm of prayer.

It always begins with God.

Doing good to others is not a duty. It is a joy,
for it increases your own health and happiness.

— Zoroaster

THANKFULNESS IS A GOLDEN KEY

Phyllis Malone

SAINT PAUL says that we are to be thankful in all things. In all things, Paul? How is it possible to be thankful when your heart is shattered like a broken vessel? Have you tried thanking God with your mouth even though your spirit cries out in anguish? Thankfulness is praise, and praise is the golden key that unlocks the floodgate that pours forth His Presence into the pools of your innermost being. If you can't sing out with your own praises, read the Psalms aloud. Psalms 146-150 each begin: "Praise ye the Lord."

His well is one of living waters flowing from an endless spring that knows not how to run dry. Praise Him while seeking His Presence down on the valley floors, and He will lift you up into the high places beside Him.

"In everything by prayer and supplication let your requests be known unto me." He listens to hear the first whisper of distress. He yearns to restore your soul. Do remember that no prayer goes unanswered. Your Father has the answer prepared for you. He awaits you to offer the questions.

"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving." When you stand praying, believe that the prayer is in process of being answered, and you will feel a blessing of God from within. Without praise and thankfulness in your prayers, there may not be faith in your petitions. Faith is believing that God is telling you the truth.

His giving knows no limits. We can't outgive God. Receive His gifts as they are given, deep from the heart of your Heavenly Father. Praise Him in the morning and go forth this day, not in your strength, but in His strength.

EDITORIAL
(Continued from page2)

Sometimes such meaninglessness becomes the painful source of a decision to surrender. We starve ourselves into submission, so to speak.

Once we have made the decision to give up, there is—astonishingly, nothing to fret about, nothing to do. God fills the vacuum left where our egotism festered and scabbed. He directs. He measures out to us our days and nights, tribulations and triumphs, joys and deaths. There is nothing to be afraid of let alone to worry about—nothing at all. The sensation of His support is an actual physical one as well as emotional and spiritual. The really and truly amazing thing about it is that it is reality and all we have to do to obtain it is to accept it. —P.G.

* *

Here is my pledge of $_____ to help celebrate the 25th anniversary of Fellowship in Prayer.

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THE ADAM AMONG TREES

Jaye Giammarino

When God's voice
echoed in the wilderness,
the sequoia was a giant dwarfing
the dinosaur—
lending shelter under arms
rugged as the centuries,
conically shaped like
the Christmas tree.
When huge glaciers wiped away
the reptile,
the tree flourished.

Wrapped in cobwebs of antiquity,
the Adam among trees,
was venerable during
the Golden Age of Greece.

Kin to redwoods, with a bark
heavier than its years,
the sequoia, oblivious to time,
magnificent in God's will,
glorifies His valley.

*

In this confused world, it is very necessary that we should all work together for the divine integration of human beings and what we require is to transform ourselves spiritually and dedicate our lives in quiet contemplation without wasting our mental energy. We must have the capacity not to blame anyone, but to learn everything patiently and cheerfully. The happiest persons are those who have wholeheartedly devoted their lives for the realization of Reality. The friendship which brings the beauty of divine understanding is really a blessing.

K. M. P. M. Cassim

NOTICES & COMMENT

EDNA C. DUNLAP. Miss Edna C. Dunlap had been a member of Fellowship in Prayer since 1950. She contributed generously over the years and brought in a number of friends who became enthusiastic and active workers for FIP, including the late Anna Grace Sawyer, who did so much. In 1958, when the Executive Secretary was in Chicago, Miss Dunlap entertained her at dinner. We have learned with sorrow of her death, last July, in Evanston, Illinois.

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We are sincerely grateful to those readers who have renewed, and are renewing their subscriptions. Those who have not yet done so are invited to renew as soon as possible. Ours is a nonprofit fellowship and only through the help and cooperation of those who are interested in our work can FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER be improved and extended throughout the world.

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IF EACH WOULD LIFT

If each would lift a candlestick
With candle and a well-trimmed wick
(Forgetting that he might appear
A bit peculiar, even queer,)
Would hold it without rhetoric—

Dark apathy with layers thick
Enough to smother our world sick
Could be dispelled to clear our sphere
If each would lift.

If each would learn to do the trick—
Would risk the name of lunatic—
Could leave behind the foolish sneer,
He need not bring a chandelier
With diamond prisms, magic flick,
If each would lift.

—Winifred Hamrick Farrar